TO BE SUNG TO "UNION GAL" (Red Wing)

There once was a guy named Tex,
Who drove buses that were wrecks,
He arrived from the Farm,
And could spin a mean yarn,
About Tennessee commune sex.

He joined friends at the Well,
In a kind of telecom hell,
But he aimed to please,
And all flames did ease
Most gently, truth to tell.

Oh we can't get along without Tex to help us,
Without Tex to scream at,
Without Tex to mess with,
Oh we can't get along without Tex to help us,
Without Tex to bother,
'Til the day we die.

When he was on the line,
He really did just fine,
Holding hands with the guest,
Dropping by with a jest,
Never dying on the vine.

But he dreamed of a higher score,
Beyond Sausalito's shore,
When One-oh-One Online
said, "Bottoms up, we're buyin',
Bringin' info to more and more!"

Oh we can't get along without Tex to soothe us,
Without Tex to yell at,
Without Tex to laugh with,
Oh we can't get along without Tex to soothe us,
Without Tex to cry on,
'Til the day we die.

The whole thing is really vile,
Although we try to smile,
But it's hard to see,
How to 'dwell' happily,
Without old Tex to rile.

But all good things must end,
And with this song we send,
You our love, our best wishes,
Success and above,
Our hurt feelings -- they will mend.

So goodbye, dear Tex, we'll miss you always,
In many more ways,
Than we can say in relays,
Keep on truckin' and your thing doin',
All we Dwellers' love you,
'Til the day we die!

(smooch-smooch!)

VAYA CON GOPOD!!!